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SOCIETY AS IT IS.

Society as it is, is far from being society as it should be. Its body is diseased and corrupted to the very heart, and divers are the antidotes employed to better its condition. This corruption with its blasting effects is plainly visible on every side. It seems to grow with the growth of society, and to strengthen with its strength. In some very important matters the spirits of morality and truth have achieved much good, while in others they have not only labored in vain, but evil and wickedness have gained an alarming ascendancy. Reform in its many shapes has been brought to bear against its swelling tide, but its current has scarcely been disturbed in its course, much less checked. If its polluted stream has in some few instances been stopped for a time by some strong barrier thrown across, it stops but to break out afresh in some other point. It is doubtful whether much good will arise from the weak efforts of one whose influence in society if any, is but small, yet it is to be hoped no evil will ensue; and as the Crusade is rapidly advancing, gladly do we enlist under the banner of reform, and enter the swelling ranks.

Many are the causes which tend to corrupt society. He who will look beneath the flimsy veil by which the machinery of society is concealed, will see

"Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things;"

will see vice and crime in all their hideous forms; will see the pages of the secular pamphlet-press foul with the stains of unchecked immorality; will see talent of every kind basely prostituted to gain ends the most ignoble; will see benevolence stripped of its winning mask, and left a poor miserable form, a beggar itself of the world's ready applause; will see the dearest rights of man monopolized by the ruling few who arrogate to themselves the power they illicitly possess.

One part of society, rejoicing in their own conceited goodness, stands aghast at the wondrous corruption of their brethren. Wealth and birth, compounded with selfish pride, form the lofty vantage ground from which with their holy eyes they see the horrid extent to which the evil runs. With their far reaching ken they plainly see the heinous crimes of others rising mountain high—they plainly see their neighbor's sins, they hear their neighbor's failings; they see all the thousand evils which demon-like stalk through the ranks of society; while all around, and within them rage evils and corruption just as great, which their poor weak intellects can never perceive, and all they do is clasp their puny hands, and with pharisaical devotion thank God they are not as other men are. More evil is in this way accomplished by these contemptible drones of society, than if they should openly espouse the side or occupation of those they so religiously abhor; for by their example they lead astray the views of those who by their circumstances are compelled to follow.

There are others, who with some degree of morality mingled with their acts, carefully live so as to seem to deserve no blame, and proud of this their seeming goodness, think that by casting contumely and censure on those who are openly corrupt, they can force away the causes that produce such disastrous results. Fault-finding never yet produced one convert from the path of wickedness. The heart by severe and repeated blows becomes callous, as it were, and ceases now to receive impressions, which once would have been effective. Now as with one man so it is with society. The voice of censure will do more harm than good. It is alone by the voice of kindness and persuasion that men of

corrupt and evil minds can be acted upon. They must be led, and not driven. The kind word must be spoken, the reluctant hand must be taken, and manifesting an interest in their behalf, we must gently woo them from paths where darkness reigns, to those of purity and truth.

But there exist corruptions among us which require a stronger power than love or persuasion can exert. What shall we say of society politic? What shall we say, when among us, and about us, are men enjoying the highest offices a state or nation can bestow, who owe their position to money? Of the men who now hold responsible office throughout this Union, should their defeated opponents possess the power and interest necessary to impeach the validity of their elections, how many would be able to stand the test of an inquiry, and how many would stand forth before the world convicted of having bought their office? Should such an investigation be made, the history of Rome at its worst age would not probably reveal more despicable acts of meanness, or more base double-dealing. A candidate's conscience under the present state of things is worth so much in dollars and cents, an extra sum being exacted, when extra hard swearing is required. We have heard of men of nominal respectability, tradesmen and mechanics while on their way to the polls, delivered the price of their political opinions, it being slipped into their hands by some unknown, and perhaps unseen Mephistophiles. We have known human beings sell their votes to one candidate for so much, and then sell to his opponent for an advance of fifty cents, carefully pocketing the proceeds of both sales; and we have seen those who were proof against corruption of this sort, meekly allowing their political prejudices to be washed away by copious draughts of raw whiskey, and after it "began to work," to be led lamb-like up to the ballot-box.

Such doings are going on around us continually, and each one stands with his hands thrust into his pockets, and cries, what can we do? How can *we* help it? Apply to the Legislature, says one. But perhaps they bought their seats. Sure enough! what can we do? Still we do not hesitate to say that four or five years' imprisonment is no unreasonable penalty for having per-

verted the constitution, and trampled under foot the dearest rights of the people. A few examples of rigorous punishment would be more efficacious in out rooting this corruption, than all the talking in christendom.

Within the pale of the Church we are sorry to be compelled to say there also exists much more that is corrupt than a casual observer would detect. The sacred folds of religion conceal much that is evil, but much also appears. There are those of opposite faith who in some instances do not hesitate to manifest their Christian spirit by hate for each other; while they hug their respective creeds, as though impelled by a belief that men can ride to Heaven on an ism.

The principle with some within and without the church, seems to be, not how they can best practice and promote purity of morals, but how far can the cords of virtue and justice be stretched without snapping. Not how they can most conduce to the present and eternal welfare of another, but how much gain they can get out of him. Not to recognise the injured and needy as your brother, but "pass by on the other side." To utter in solemn tones the petition "Thy will be done," and act as though self were the divinity invoked.

Sanctimonious Dives enters the house of God on the Sabbath's morn; and with demure and prayerful face accurately reckons up on his fingers' ends his present wealth, measured by the latest rise or fall in stocks. He well knows when to bow his head, and wipe his tearless eyes. With unflinching nerve he reads of the "rich man," and the "needle's eye," from a gold-bound book; and with the true spirit of broadcloth charity refuses to be benevolent unless he has a bill, and then holds it high, that others may see it flutter from his hand. We pity him with his little flint-like heart, and while we do not condemn the act, we must despise the emotions which called it forth. We pity that judge, who is compelled with patience to listen to the data of a trial, while his decision lies concentrated in the piece of gold that burns within his pocket. We pity the patriotic principles of that man or woman who can sympathise with the feelings of any, who in foreign lands, and under the mutilated shreds of our own "stars

and stripes" join in base vituperations against our native land. We pity that female who can so far wander from the proper sphere in which she was by her Maker placed, as to fling aside that modesty of demeanor, and sweetness of disposition for which she is so generally noted, and infatuated, mingle in the noisy, exciting scenes of partisan warfare, and civil superiority. We pity that man's selfishness and arrogance, who can see faults nowhere except in others—and gladly would we hail the time when "at home," that place where "charity begins," the spirit of reform should accomplish its designs. Then might we not only hope for, but behold better things abroad. In some communities there are men, who for acuteness in ferreting out evil, and readiness in suggesting remedies stand unrivaled. They see the canker that is gnawing the vitals of society, and they profess to know a regimen that will cure it; but their own senses are entirely too refined, and their hands far too delicate to be offended or soiled by the operation. "Here is the prescription," they say, "follow it out; *we've done our part.*" What physician ever pursued a course so fatal to the sick? No, the patient must be often seen, his disease carefully studied, the remedies judiciously applied, and a relapse well guarded against; and these things no one who lacks the requisite knowledge can perform. Take the "Five Points" as an example. For how many years were its horrid evils lamented and preached against? And had crying and denunciation alone been employed, it would still have existed as it was, a foul stain on the purity of our neighboring city. But, thanks to persons who feared not *themselves* to apply the remedy, the "Five Points" is no longer a synonym for all that is corrupt and immoral.

Laws undoubtedly display the greatest exertions of human genius. But even these, however excellent, are not sufficient to answer the end herein alluded to. Vices exist for which the law has provided no penalty. On these custom and opinion founded on the tacit consent of society at large pronounce a sentence none the less real and formidable because not proscribed by any statute, or uttered by any magistrate. Before this court those who act virtuously seldom, or never lose their reward, while those who act

otherwise receive the scorn, contempt, and indignation of the better part of society.

But there are those on whom *this* sentence produces no good effect. What shall we do with such? If they seem incorrigible, let the law of the land, and the law of public opinion both have their full sway, and leave the rest to education and moral training. The fountains of society are polluted, consequently its streams are impure; cleanse the one, and the other will become pure. Education united with religious influence can alone do this. Let the young receive such instruction and training as they should, and we will answer for the future condition of society. Ignorance and crime with their grim retinue will disappear in the distance; while all that is pure, all that is free, and all that is just will cover our happy land, and society untrammelled by its present malignant corruptions shall begin to approach that perfection in which it was originally created.

A. W. W.

THE GRAVEYARD.

A sad solemnity rests upon the burying place of the dead. Here the living man holds converse with the departed spirit, and receives his most lasting impression of mortality and the glory of a well spent life. The sturdy form, and cheek flushed with the glow of health rise in recollection, and declare the resistless power of the destroyer. The virtues of the dead, their deeds of kindness, and their looks of love, embalm their memory, and seem the only links that bind them to the living. Each grave has its own peculiar lessons. Beneath that lonely mound, that stumbles the careless footsteps of the passer by, rests till the final day, the dust of the humble poor. No marble speaks his praise. He spread his frugal board by daily toil, and in a narrow sphere cast about him the influence of a good example; this was all he owed the world, and Heaven asked no more; but this man died

and was forgotten, "the place that knew him knows him not." There stands a lofty monument, that blazes forth in golden type, the glory of a warrior. His life was one of carnage; blood marked his footsteps; crushed hopes, and broken hearts, invoked the curse of Heaven on his mad ambition. Feigned tears and traitor hearts, followed him to his narrow home, and gave their selfish service to do him honor.

Here is a sacred enclosure. From the evergreen that webs itself entangled over the consecrated spot, springs up the living ivy, and spreads its tendrils over the limbs of the weeping willow: fit emblem of those never dying affections, that feebly cling to the heart of him who mourns the loss of a lovely sister. We stop with reverence, and in our deep emotions think how frail the cord that binds us to our joys. 'Tis here the mortal holds converse with the immortal, and the spirits of these whose forms lie mouldering in the dust return to breathe a holy calm over the hearts of loving friends, and inspire reflections such as swell angelic minds.

The cold marble, the dark damp ground, the narrow bed, and the gloomy grave chill the heart and repel the affections that would eluster around the once loved form, till now they rise to those eternal regions, where in the purity of an Heavenly communion, and the warming influence of angelic friendship, those we loved unfold their inner life in all the glory of the Paradise above. This is the fellowship of souls. The things of earth and sense vanish from before our mental vision; the considerations of time and space yield to the conception of existence unlimited. The uncaged soul revels in the world of spirits; now communes with the great singer of Jewish history, and now with the last saint, who from earth has arisen to tune his harp in Heaven. Sirach's son, and he who last taught wisdom to his fellow men are met, and both hold converse with the enchanted one who loves to linger in the world of thought, and wonders if perchance his mind reverts again to the mortal state—why the shadows of time, the modes of life, and the place of decay should so engage those noble powers entrained by the bonds of clay, but allied to the essential spirit of the Universe. But now the

spell is broken, the imagination is beclouded by the film of Earthly things, the power of the material world assumes its sway, and the unwilling man yields to the fate that separates him from his native home, again he sinks to become the creature of circumstance till another view of mortality and the vanity of human pursuit shall in an hour of calm reflection renew the foretaste of his approaching happiness.

J.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

At the lone evening hour, to man's abode,
O'er earth's round orb, their pathway trode,
The Angel of Sleep and Angel of Death,
Fondly mingling their thoughts in intimate breath.
On a green hill, not far from mortal home,
In sweet embrace, they ceased awhile to roam ;
A melancholy silence reigned around,
Nor voice was heard, nor aught disturbing sound,
Save on the ear, from hamlet distant fell,
The ringing echo of the vesper-bell,
Which, sinking to a low and dying note,
Grew mute, and ceased upon the air to float.
Watchful, yet still, as is their usual mood,
Man's guardian ones, beneficent and good,
Were held in brother-like embrace and close,
While the darkly beautiful night arose,
And o'er them spread a mantle, whose hue
Seemed the heaven of love in deep calm blue

Then springing with haste, the Angel of Sleep
Rose from moss-covered couch, his mission to keep,
Scattering with a free and noiseless hand,
Invisible seeds, which slumber command.
The sporting breeze of night now passing by,
Received those floating gifts that bless the eye ;
On wing, conveying them to man's abode,—
To lab'rer, wearied with oppressive load.

Within his noble arms, Sleep pillowed well,

The rural dwellers on the hill or dell.
The gray-haired sire who leaned upon his staff,
As well as the infant with its merry laugh,
All were sunk to peaceful dreams. His sad lot
Of weariness and pain the sick forgot,—
The mourner ceased his plaint;—the poor his care;—
All eyes were closed, no pain or grief was there.
This deed of kindness done, the genius then,
By his sterner brother's side reclined again.
"Whene'er the morning dawn breaks brightly in,
"The praises of a gladdened world I'll win,
"As genial benefactor, and true friend;
"Oh! what a joy is this! to kindly bend
"In mercy on mankind;—from good, unseen,
"With lib'ral hand bestowed, unnumbered thanks to glean.
"How happy we, sent by a Spirit kind,
"To cheer man's sorrows, and to soothe his mind!
"How beautiful our task! our toil how dear,
"Our joy so pure,—our pleasure so sincere!"
With cheerful countenance thus gladly said
The Angel Sleep, whose face with joy was spread.

The Angel Death in silent sadness gazed,
And in the large dark eye he upward raised,
There stood a tear,—a tear immortals weep,
When unused sorrows o'er their heart-strings sweep,
While thus he spake, "Oh! it is not,—believe!
"For me, these joys to taste,—these thanks receive!
"The world complains, that I, its joys destroy,
"And in its every sweet infuse alloy."
"Oh! Brother mine," the Angel Sleep replies,
"The good man, wakening,—thee will recognize
"As friend,—not enemy,—and grateful bless
"With thanks, not less than those, I shall possess.
"Are we not Brothers,—linked by mutual tie,—
"By one great Parent sent, on mission sweet to fly?"
Darkly while thus he spake with satisfaction shone,
The orbs of Angel Death; as he had known,
Of joy again;—and brother-like, the genii,
Ere parting, clasped each other tenderly!

AMOT.

A SENIOR'S REFLECTIONS.

Another session has thus far passed away with little to disturb the quiet monotony of College Life. A few seniors have immortalized themselves on the College stage amid the gaping wonderment of newly fledged Freshmen and the uproarious applause of Sophomoric feet. Now and then a slight bonfire has sent up its lurid glare from around the old cannon, apparently to light out of the world the departed ghosts of the olden times. The relative ratio of rowling, fizzling and stumping is constant—the same as when fifty years ago the present Senator, and Judge, and Doctor of Divinity, now rowled, now fizzled, now stumped. The old College still resounds with the same inevitable yellings and howlings, and hallooings that for many long years have died away along its venerable halls. Flutes and Fiddles that in the hands of former generations awoke harmonious strains around the old walls have given place to fresh catgut and pipe. At the sound of the old bell's clear note, forth swarm from grateful beds the ghostly band of sheeted sleepers, as when long time ago it drove away golden dreams and balmy slumber from many whose heads now pillowed in the grave await the final trump of the resurrection. And again, the hiving throng obey its pealing call to meet the trials and strife of the recitation room, as once it was with generations long since gone to meet the realities of the great recitation room of life. Well, after all, College Life is something more than an Arabian Night's Fable, where fairies shake their magic roses for you, and fill the chambers of the brain with golden visions. How sweeps on the never ceasing tide of time! The firm venerable walls look down upon their transient dwellers in quiet mockery, while whole scores of generations are swept off into the broad Ocean of Life. And yet after all, short though it be, it is a miniature world within itself. It has its joys, its sorrows, its pleasures, its hopes, its disappointments, its experience, its vanities, its mock dignity, its pride and its clashing interests. And, may I not add, it has more of its genuine sympathy, and less of its heartlessness. And it is chiefly for this reason that it

is not a better index of the world at large. Here care and the world's trials have not damped the ardor of the soul, and stifled its more generous emotions. Much then that is learned of human nature here will have to be unlearned. If I mistake not, future contact with the world will force us Seniors to alter our views of conscience. We will find that our *a priori* method of reasoning about its laws and properties, gave us a much better knowledge of what it ought to be, than what a more extended observation of the world and the inductive processes of experience will convince us that it is. Instead of defining it as the moral sense to distinguish between right and wrong,—we shall *a posteriori* conclude that it is rather a sort of cartilaginous medium between the inflexible vertebrae of the understanding, by which the *upright* moral man accommodates himself to various forward, backward and sidewise moral motions—a kind of yielding moral diaphragm between men's hearts and their stomachs, always allowing the claims of the one to encroach upon those of the other.

But we have no mean idea of the influence of College life in preparing a man to go forth into the world. Think for an instant, what a vast variety of subjects fall within the range of his investigation both in and out of the recitation room. In Mathematics, now he grasps at infinity, now he stumps with a zero. He solves questions in Chemistry from the composition of the atmosphere, down to the combustion of a Regalia. In Rhetoric he is alike familiar with the origin of poetry, and the best method of conducting an appeal to the feelings of the old folks at home when out of cash. He acquaints himself with figures of speech from the most beautiful simile, down to the most barbarous pun. His logic enables him to prove either an ascent in “linea predicamentali,” or that every cat has three tails. He finds out questions in Astronomy from the motions of Jupiter's satellites down to the influence of moonlight upon sentimental love-sick youths. In Physics, he understands alike the law of capillarity, and the best method of “absorbing” knowledge from one's friends on examination days. He has opportunities for finding out his mental capacities for Greek and his corporeal capacities for peaches. His taste for the beautiful is gratified in his evening walks, and

his taste for roast beef in the Refectory. The prayer bell's vain call, especially on dark mornings, and the motions of the planets both afford him proof of the inertia of matter. His air pump experiments, his before-dinner experience and his empty pocket-book alike convince him that nature abhors a vacuum. Moreover your College student has a better insight into many of the world's maxims than those who have mingled more in it. The fact that "every dog must have his day," he refers back to the physical causes that furnish dog-days. The maxim that "birds of a feather flock together," he attributes to a sort of ornithological polarity among feathery bipeds. His good father when he sends him to College tells him to "make hay while the sun shines." And so he throws care to the winds, and makes his College course one long continued *heyday*. He tells him to "strike while the iron's hot," and he thereupon determines to go it while he's young.

Again our student is presented with the most widely diversified views of the world. Now he is told it is a "huge orange," and inwardly he resolves to draw sweets therefrom. He thinks of emigrating to the raw portions of the country where the inhabitants are all suckers. He must expect that the world will present a cold and rough exterior to him, for he has been assured that its surface has for ages been cooling and rusting. He is told that it is but a vain and empty show, and yet he finds that everybody is anxious to see it. He wonders if other worlds are so too. If so, he cannot see why so much trouble was taken, the other night, to show him Jupiter. He ought to be skilled in the "ways of the world" for he understands its various motions in its orbit, and on its axis. In short, he ought to resolve when he sets out in the world to go right straight through it, for he has learned that it is three times as far to go round it.

R.

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON.

To write history, in its common acceptation, is a task requiring a combination of almost all the highest faculties of the mind. There is however another branch of historical writing, that of biography, in which excellence is much more easy of attainment. This branch is not to be slighted on this account, since it not only interests but also instructs. Genius is always interesting. The mind loves to behold its sublimity and feels awed as if in the presence of something higher and nobler than itself. Biography also instructs by supplying us with the experience of others where our own is at fault. In view of these things it may seem strange that such a man as Boswell should have written a biography which far surpasses any in either ancient or modern times, and has given him the title of Prince of Biographers. Much of this surprise will however be abated when we consider the character of the man and the requisites of his subject. Greatness of one kind or another is absolutely necessary; without this, biography would be nothing more than a picture of what we experience every day; and consequently would not interest us. If therefore the person profess greatness, the biographer is expected to have been intimate with him and thoroughly studied his character. A mere catalogue of virtues and vices, of deeds and misdeeds does not constitute a biography. These are but the materials out of which one should be wrought up. What is necessary is, that the biographer should be able to portray the whole life, public and private, his character, his manner of thinking, how he acted and was reacted upon by society. In short, he must paint to the mind's vision, so that the man may stand forth in living and startling reality, and make us feel as if we ourselves had a personal acquaintance with his character. It is this alone that constitutes true biography, and it is in this way that Boswell has drawn the character of Johnson, far outstripping any of his competitors in gaining the palm of biographical writing. Much of the credit of his success is due, not to merits, but to his character. Without that littleness of mind which made him willing to degrade him-

self, he never would have produced the work he has. But certain it is Boswell has never received that credit, which the mere fact of his contributing to the pleasure of so many individuals, gave him a right to expect. This book affords the only instance of an author being disconnected from his work. We praise his work, and yet despise the author. May it not be that the character of Boswell has not been rightly understood, that he has been too much maligned? Macauley, one of our ablest essayists, ascribes all that is valuable in the work of Boswell, as due to the vices of his character. Carlyle has however, taken a different view of the matter and claims justice for his virtues as well as for his vices. That Boswell was a man of little mind, possessing all the characteristics of a mind imbued with the love of notoriety will be denied by no one. To this must be ascribed his officiousness, his impudence and his total want of independence of spirit, his willingness to be trod upon, if in this way he could only attract notice. Though admitting all this, yet we cannot think this desire for notoriety his only reason for attaching himself to Johnson, since he might have acquired the same with far less trouble in other ways. Evidently there was in his breast a strong love for Johnson. Self-conceited as he was, he felt small in the presence of the sage, and like many other weak minds felt irresistibly attracted by the majesty and strength of mind displayed by the latter. This may explain his willingness to suffer any thing if he might only enjoy the company of his idol. Look at his remark, that he added £500 to the fortune of his infant because it did not cry at the strange look and uncouth manners of his illustrious friend. Can we believe that Boswell was alone actuated by a love of fame, in his laborious exertions to write down all that fell from the lips of his master, and after his death the laborious exertions taken to acquire all the facts respecting him possible? The very work itself forbids the idea, and shows that his feelings towards Johnson were those of a child towards the sun, who unable to look up at the intensity of its power, is yet satisfied to bask in its rays and content if not withdrawn from its presence. Though Boswell had many and gross faults, let us give him credit for his discernment. Possessing no mental vigor of his own, he was

content to reflect the intensity of the mental rays of his friend upon that and all succeeding ages. As a reflector of another's thoughts, let us be lenient towards his faults, considering them as natural and not acquired, and that to them we are indebted for being brought into a close and intimate intercourse with one of the most original and able thinkers England ever produced.

AL-CID.

AMBITION.

The emotions of the heart, are of all things, the most intricate to trace; the most difficult to portray. Unlike almost every other subject that presents itself to the writer, its fountain may be known, but never can be seen. It is locked up within the hidden recesses of the heart; and he who gains a conception of any passion, must no longer search for the germinating principle, but rather for its fruits. And we may judge of vice as of objects in nature. When we see a torrent rush from some mountain crest, spread its waves far and wide over the landscape, bearing triumphantly off on its proud breast, every opposing barrier, and rushing furiously to the ocean, we infer its fountain to be ample, its power irresistible. And when we turn our eyes from the physical to the mental world, and behold every object contaminated and defaced by vice, from the care-worn features of the aged patriarch, to the ruddy brow of youth—we have that, which will enable us to conceive of the power of evil passion in the mind of man;—passion, fiercely rushing with untold fury where there is mind to ruin triumphantly, dashing aside the noble feelings of the soul, and leaving a dreary waste of misery and death. Although vice in a thousand forms, may rear its hydra head, and spread misery, mildew, and ruin over both mind and matter, and scathe every virtuous emotion of the heart; yet to me, no one of the various emotions, of which man is susceptible, has done more to lay waste, to destroy, and blast, the mind of mortals than that of all others the most prevalent,—ambition. Drunken-

ness may enter the domestic circle with all its infernal concomitants, spreading the dreary pall of misery, disease, and death over the once lovely scene; make mothers widows, infants orphans, and drag its loathsome victim to degradation, and an early tomb;—but ambition towers above this as the Oak above the Thistle, drags as victims to desolation thousands in its course. Resentless as the war horse, it tramples recklessly upon the tenderest emotions of the soul, and nerving the arm of the chieftain, spreads lamentation and war through hamlet and palace, raises its hissing Learnian head at the portals of the tomb. Ambition led Cæsar over the Rubicon, and Rome, lofty Rome, with all its grandeur, bowed before the tremendous energy of his gigantic mind; oceans of blood deluged the Macedonian plains, and dire carnage spread fearfully, until life's crimson current flooded Numidian sands; and the mistress of the world, dates the commencement of the downfall of liberty, literature, and science, from the success of Cæsar. Ambition called Napoleon from obscurity, and he spread devastation, misery, and death, throughout Europe, until he whitened the fields of the south with the bones of Frenchmen, and the ice-bound cliffs of Russia flowed crimson with their gore. Oh ambition, where, where is the limit of thy power; whither wilt thou not lead the heart of man? Fierce, blasting, depressing, at the helm of a nation; not less withering in the breast of an individual. But cherish it awhile in your bosoms, and it will soon sit enthroned a tyrant; absorbing the gentler emotions of the heart, banishing love of country, kindred, and friends, rendering other vices auxiliary to its end. As the Eagle, in its upward flight selects the sun, and pursues with unflinching gaze, so ambition in its lofty aspirings culls the most brilliant diadem in the temple of Fame, nerves the arm, fires the brain, gathers every energy of the man for a long unyielding struggle, nor forsakes the contest till it grasps the bauble, or dashes its victim to despair.

P. S. C.

OLD ENGLISH TRAJEDIES, NO I.

"Marlowe's Trajical Historie of the Life and Death of Dr. Faustus."

Of all the contemporaries of Shakespeare, there is no more choice or powerful poet than old Christopher Marlowe. None, save "Sweet Will," of that gifted throng who graced the Court of Elizabeth excelled him in genius, and not even *he* in that dulcet smoothness of tongue, that liquid verse which flows like milk in his amorous or descriptive numbers. Yet is he notable for the true pith and marrow of the Age, that good old English sense, that Saxon strength. But above all this, he has, in a high degree, that soul's vision for the horrible in its dramatic form which is preëminently characteristic of the great German Goethe, and of our own Bard of Avon. It would be a curious and surprising task to draw a parallel between Marlowe and each of these two great men with a view to ascertaining how much was common to the three in the character and turn of their genius. Our present purpose is however, not this, but simply and briefly to analyze, and to point out the more striking beauties and dramatic horrors which give character to the "Dr. Faustus" of the *first* of this triad. Visions of Faust the poetical embodiment of the skepticism and mysticism of humanity, and of their disastrous catastrophe seem to have long haunted the great poet-minds of the Age, and lay like a huge shadow in their path. The human being who in himself fulfilled all these forebodings, or rather who was seized upon as the fit clay out of which to mould the actual model Faust (while the ideal, as we have said, had long been shadowed on the poet's mind) was old Dr. Faustus the reputed inventor of the Art of Printing. Why he was singled out, above all others, is known to those who are acquainted with the history of his mind, and with the popular notions of him. The two poets who fully developed the poetical notions of the Age, concerning Faust—principally from legends connected with his name, were Goethe of Germany, and Mar-

lowe of England. Of the former let Fame speak—we shall not interrupt her deep tones even for the purpose of chiming in; it is with the latter that we have to deal. As our limits do not permit us to expatiate on the exquisite excellencies of our old Saxon, we shall take it for granted that they are known to all who read this essay. And for the same most potent reason we waive the consideration of Marlowe's numerous, apparent and often flagrant faults. Our intention is to portray the gradual fall of Faustus; and that not so much by means of various characters and scenes as by brief quotation and suggestive paraphrase, giving Faustus the floor as often as possible, and when that is not feasible letting old Christopher himself speak for him *in propria persona*—if he feel so disposed.

The poet first informs us "how Faustus fell to the study of Magic:" how that he went a poor student to Rhodes, and in after life to Wirtemberg; where, with aid from kinsmen, he quickly became a learned and accomplished Doctor of Divinity; how that elated with success and self-conceit,

"His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
 "And meeting heaven conspired his overthrow;
 "For fallen to a devilish exercise,
 "And glutted now with Learning's golden gifts,
 "He surfeits on the cursed Necromancy.
 "Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
 "Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss.

The first view the poet gives us of the doomed Faust, is in his study, where he is sounding his soul's depths—probing his bleeding conscience—laying bare the gory gashes of his infidelity, and persuading himself with the most sophistical, and plausible subtleties, of the fallacy and futility of all human studies, but especially of the falsity of the Scriptures. We quote nothing from this scene except his final determination and concluding rhapsody, as it abounds in scholastic pedantry, and smacks of rank infidelity. His curious musings lead him on to this his curst resolve, which clasps his wrists in the red-hot manacles of Hell.

Faust.

"Divinity adieu!

"These metaphysics of Magicians,

"And necromantic books are heavenly

"Lines, circles, letters, characters,

"Aye! these are they that Faustus most desire.

His teeth have entered the forbidden fruit, and the delightful juice streams down his palate. He revels in the very fancying of his bliss :

Faust. "Oh! what a world of profit and delight,

"Of power, of honour, of omnipotence

"Is promised to the studious artizan!

And concludes his present strain with most Shakespearian grasp and felicity of expression :

Faust. "All things that move between the quiet poles

"Are but obeyed in their respective provinces :

"But his dominion that succeeds in this,

"Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man :

"Here tire my brains to gain a deity.

Goethe's celebrated study scene where he reflects on human vanities, and muses on the proposition of Mephistopheles, though far beyond it in depth and delicacy of conception, scarcely excels this in dramatic power, and lags behind it, we think, in vigorous and daring originality. As is sometimes the case with superfine sugar, the essence of strength and sweetness is often *refined away*, in the fine passages of Goethe's masterpiece. Not so with Marlowe : he has the true attic salt. In order to keep to our purpose of depicting the single character of Faustus, and thus enabling our readers to become familiar with the principal excellencies of this tragedy ; we say little of subordinate personages. Valdes and Cornelius are two friends of the great Doctor, who instigated by hellish influences pleasing to their own folly of heart, have again and again advised him to the delectable study of Magic. He now communicates to them his resolve that he will become a great Magician, and calls upon their experience for instruction.

Faust. "Come, show me some demonstrations magical,

"That I may conjure in some bushy grove,

"And have the joys in full possession.

"Faustus being instructed in the elements of magic by his friends Valdes and Cornelius, sells his soul to the devil, to have

an Evil Spirit at his command for twenty-four years. When the years are expired, the devil claims his soul." The events of these twenty-four years are not to be thought of at this perilous crisis. He crouches like a ghost in the dark, dusty corner of his study. He speaks to Wagner his servant concerning his will. Three scholars enter, and all trembling, read his doom on his accursed brow. Faustus is in an agony of fear and remorse. He wishes that he had never gazed upon a letter, or named a syllable. He has made out a contract with the arch fiend, written in his own blood, to sell his soul to Lucifer and Mephistopheles;—and its date is expired. Satan has threatened to tear him limb from limb if he ventured to stir for aid towards divinity, which he has long forgotten, but even that is now, alas, too late! After a solemn adjuration of his scholars to save themselves and pray for him, he sends them away with these words.

Faust. "Gentlemen, farewell; If I live till the morning, I'll visit you, if not, Faustus is gone to hell."

Faustus is alone. The clock strikes eleven.

Faust. "Oh! Faustus,
"Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
"And then thou must be damn'd perpetually."

In horrible ravings he beseeches and adjures the spheres of heaven to stand still in their allotted courses; he calls in agony upon Time to cease his flight, that doleful midnight come not on him.

Faust. "The stars move still,—time runs,—the clock will strike,
"And Faustus must be damn'd."

He is deluded for an instant with the sight of saving blood in the firmament—he leaps up in maniac impotency, agonizing for the shelter of heaven. The vision is past—the blood is gone—ha! see! in its place a "threatening arm and angry brow."

He calls upon the hills and mountains to cover him; to the sea to hide him; to the earth to gape and swallow him up. But no! They can afford him no protection. He piteously implores the stars that presided over his birth, and reigned in his destiny, and who have decreed him Death and Hell for his portion, to revoke their sentence and save him in the article of Death.

Faust. "Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
 "Into the entrails of yon laboring cloud;
 "My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
 "But let my soul mount, and ascend to heaven.

"The watch strikes."

Faust. "Oh! half the hour is past: 'twill all be passed anon.

And in his desperation the wretched Faustus pleads no longer for delay, reprieve or escape, but for finite limits to his torments. He prays fervently for a purgatory of a thousand years. He longs for the soul of Pythagoras, that he might be happy in metempsychosis. He hates his human nature; he bitterly envies the life of brutish beasts.

Faust. "Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
 "But mine must live still, to be plagued in hell.

He curses his birth and parentage: then suddenly awakes to the real state of his case and the true occasion of it.

Faust. "No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
 "That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

"The clock strikes twelve."

Faust. "It strikes, it strikes; now, body turn to air,
 "Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.
 "O soul, be chang'd into small water drops
 "And fall into the ocean; ne'er be found.

Thunder, and enter devils.

* *Faust.* "Oh! mercy heaven, look not so fierce on me,
 "Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile.
 "Ugly hell gape not! come not Lucifer!
 "I'll burn my books; oh! Mephistopheles!

* * * * *

Charles Lamb says of this scene, "The growing horrors of Faustus are awfully marked by the hours and half hours as they expire and bring him nearer and nearer to the enactment of his dire compact. It is indeed an agony and bloody sweat."

That night was such a night as that which pallied the murder of Duncan, and curtained round the innocent earth from all participation in the crime. We subjoin the passage in *Macbeth*, alluding to the horrors of the last night of *Macbeth's* virginity in crime. The lords in attendance on Duncan

"Speak low of omens in the night
 "Lamentings heard in the air,
 "And prophecyings, with accents terrible."

Three scholars of his rise hastily on the morrow, and betake themselves to his chamber, full of fears for Faustus.

ENTER SCHOLARS.

First Sch. "Come gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,
 "For such a dreadful night was never seen
 "Since the world's creation did begin;
 "Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard,
 "Pray heaven the Doctor has escaped the danger.

Sec'd Sch. "O help us heavens! see here are Faustus's limbs,
 "All torn asunder by the hand of death.

Third Sch. "The devil whom Faustus serv'd hath torn him thus:
 "For 'twixt the hours of twelve and one, methought
 "I heard him shriek, and call aloud for help;
 "At which same time the house seem'd all on fire.
 "With dreadful horror of these damn'd fiends.

Faustus's mangled limbs are duly buried. His funeral is attended by

"All the scholars clothed in mourning black."

And the Plot is complete. The tragedy ends with a beautiful little scrap of a chorus—that withered branch of the Greek stock,—with which, on account of its rarity and the moral that it conveys, which is important to the completeness of the drama, we bring this sketch to a close.

CHORUS.

"Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
 "And burned is Apollo's laurel bough
 "That sometime grew within this learned man:
 "Faustus is gone! Regard his hellish fall,
 "Whose fiendful fortune may extort the wise
 "Only to wonder at unlawful things:
 "Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
 "To practice more than heavenly power permits."

Quis?

HISTORY.

Since Adam's dire exchange of innocence for guilt, since the fiat went forth, that man who sprang from dust must unto dust return, change has been the law not only of the physical, but also of the intellectual being. History is the offspring of change. If human nature had been devoid of development, so that each successive historic epoch would have been the simple reflection of its predecessor, there could have been no written history. If thought had never freed itself from the bare contemplation of nature, had never spurned the adoration of self for the worship of ideas, then, the history of the present would have been that of the past, and each individual in one epoch would have had his prototype in the preceding. But in the predominance of one political creed over another, in the empire and subjugation of reason, in the Crescent's gleam and the Pagan's penance, in the Christian's prayer and the Skeptic's sneer, does History find "a local habitation and a name."

What is, and what is the use of History? Cicero, the prince of orators, eloquently exclaims, "*Historia magistra vitae, nuncia vetustatis.*"

It is Providence incarnate. Hence the history of our race is a sublime exposition of the nature and purpose of divinity operating upon humanity. Being the exponent of the fundamental principles of humanity; exhibiting, in the strong light of comparison and contract, the results of intellectual and physical effort, it is "the teacher of life, the index of antiquity," ever moulding and expanding the mind; ever by the influence of example, attracting the intellect of another generation to a higher mark; ever by its record of eminent success, alluring from the indulgence of sensual gratification to the nobler life of action in the world of stern reality.

Facts are not history itself. These in themselves are unimportant. What element of humanity is benefitted by the simple fact that the tenth century is distinguished by the Crusades?

Who cares to know as a bare fact that in the sixteenth century the inquisition flourished at Madrid. But apply to these facts the torch of philosophy. Examine and receive them as embodying ideas, as shadowing forth a truth, and we shall be able to ascertain both the spirit of the mass, and the characteristics of individuals in those centuries. When we would study humanity, we appeal not to facts solely as such, but to the thought, the motive, of which facts are simply the envelope. True it is, that systems and their authors have disappeared, and been superseded by others; but their record in history has contributed something to humanity. Error in operation, blights; but, written in history connected with contemporaneous principles, it has a warning and instructive voice. Even truth in operation is not always appreciated, whilst on the page of history, it seems in its majestic brilliancy to be the only Philosopher's stone worth seeking.

The study of history is the study of humanity,—of that humanity which comprehends the advancement of Art and Science, of Laws and Religion. The panorama of the past presented to our eye by the historian's pencil, exhibits human nature in every variety of coloring. In religion, Moses, Mohammed, Buddha and Confucius. In politics, Cicero, Richelieu, and Metternich. In literature, an iron age with its Ennius, a brazen age with its Plautus, a golden age with its Horace. In war, the magnanimity of a conquering Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon; the meanness of traitorous Ephialtes, Ravaillac and Arnold. In peace, an age of Pericles, of the Medici and Victoria. Every element combined in man's mystic constitution, the results of ignorance and sloth as well as those of knowledge and industry, leave their impression distinct upon history's scroll. True it is that the masses personally appear not. But they are represented. The great *idea* of the masses, the spirit and their customs, can be fully eduved from the characteristics of their leaders. The particular illustrates the general. An individual so distinguished, a city so prominent, a nation so important as to be honored by the pen of Clio, are the formulæ by which the problem of epochs can be solved, their dominant spirit ascertained, and the philosophy demonstrated. In traversing the broad ocean of history, we see

not the tributary rivers and rills, whose waters, nevertheless, are pouring in.

Providence is in history,—in its records of blood and walks of peace,—in its night as well as in its day. Sin is only a separating act relatively. The image of God is marred, but not erased. The day-god bathing his burning brow in the blue waters of the west, reflects God, though clouds frown around. Humanity exhibited upon the field of strife, in the secluded cloister, “at the middle Janus,” in court, council or cabinet, cannot discard the influence of “the Divinity that shapes our ends.” However true it is that God’s existence is essential and distinct, yet, separated from the world, destitute of Providence, he is to us as though he were not. Providence gives history its importance, its truth. Without it, the transactions of the past would be but the zig-zag fluctuations of a variable quantity, the irregular development of an insignificant humanity. Without it, history could furnish no reliable rules for future guidance, no hope of future eminence. Without it, Cicero’s “Teacher of Life,” would present a system destitute of method, facts without ideas, fables without morals; in short, such a history would beget no philosophy; and whose epitaph might read, “Born,—died. That’s all.”

Providence guides humanity—humanity changes, and history is born. Hence its authority, and the importance of its study. It deals with man and his actions, not as an automaton and its movements, but as the embodiment and expositor of ideas, as the expression of *some* power of humanity, whether it be greater or less. Being a compend of men’s experience, it is a fitting guide-post for the future. The record of actions and their results, presenting examples not only to be detested, but avoided; and others both worthy of admiration and emulation, it bids us “be up and doing.” Shall we become artists? Of what avail were it to gaze forever upon “Death on the Pale Horse,” if we lift not palette and brush? Shall we be architects? Of what avail to admire forever St. Peter’s at Rome, if we turn not away from the sight with the resistless energy of an awakened aspiration for the same sublimity of conception and perfection of skill? Let history incite us not only to yield homage to the great deeds of

the past, but to fill our present and our future with greater. She has come, a vessel sailing on the stream of time, richly laden with the deeds of yore; let us add nought but good, nought but great, and send her on her voyage to posterity.

WHISTLING BILL.

THE SOIREE.

Methinks,

To one immersed 'mongst magazines and mathematics,
No motive—moving the mind to meditate
On memory's treasures—is more masterly
Than the mild, mellow, May-like moments
Of an Autumn afternoon: just when
The sun, soon to set, seems to send his silken sunbeams
Sweetly thro' the window-panes, and softens the silence,
Sadly still—save the stoical click of the solitary
Clock;—such a scene, a souvenir, sends the soul
Soaring, aye, and sometimes too, skimming o'er
Earth's surface, seeking a nestling place beside
Some sympathizing spirit. A souvenir to me
Was such an afternoon some six days since, of
A certain Soiree, select and semi-annual, at a
Seminary, somewhere situate between this spot
And sunset.

Midway betwixt

The sunny and the snowy solstice, when summer
Sadly slumbers on the lap of Autumn;
Six students of Senior dignity, sought out
The social circle designated. Above, sufficiently,
A starlight sky shone sparkling out, to show
The shadows by some sombre silvered sassafras,
That stud full many a spot sequestered
Near the stream of Stony Brook. Soon arrived
We found terrestrial stars, that quite eclipsed
Celestial gems, and,—like the fabled gods of ancient story,—
Mingled among them.

Beautiful they were,

Those eyes, bright, brilliant and burning; black, blue,
And both blended, bewildering the beholder, and bidding
Him beware their bewitching influence. Here were
Wit, wisdom, wealth and truth, within walls

Warmed with welcome. Music melted the moody
 To mirth, and with its mellow melody, made
 Moments move mellifluous. Conversation
 Coursed with constant current, and cunning Cupid
 Cut his capers, chuckling as he crouched, concealed,
 Beneath the clustering curls of chaste and charming
 Coquetry; from 'tween his pendant pinions plucking
 Darts, to pierce from *pencilled* parapets his unsuspecting
 Prisoners.

Some were not there.

Though ladies lovely, with lashes 'lectric like the lightning's
 Flash, and features fair, as fairy's features can be;
 Though smiles revived fond recollection, and reddened
 The cheek with radiance from the rushing rills
 Of heartfelt remembrance,—yet in vain the eye did rove
 From ruddy cheek to ruby lip, and then resumed
 The research, resting on no faint resemblance
 To the remote realities. But when
 Kind hospitality heralded the hour, when creams
 And cakes all iced, were coolly out, though dearly
 Loved, when *secrets* were unsealed, and candy *kisses*
 Flew, with clusters rich of blushing grapes,
 The hearty cheer and cracking jest, just jostled
 The old kitchen clock, and made it toll eleven,
 The hour for separation. The hour,
 When beaux are bolted upright by the door,
 With elbows bowed, and bosoms beating,
 Lest they should be befooled.

'Tis memorable

How gallants walked such wondrous weary ways
 As willing waiters to the witching fair ones;
 And how we waited, till Luna rose, and high aloft
 Lit up the lea with liquid lustre, and the Great Bear
 Bending about his boundless bent, banged his big paw
 Against the bell of heaven, which boomed the hour
 Of midnight,—ere they returned. Nor could we
 Well believe they bought a bargain, buying their bliss
 By boldly braving a bevy of barking hounds.
 At length all being present, instruments were strung
 And with stealthy step the serenaders wound their way
 In front the stately mansion.

Negro melodies

And sentimental sonnets rose upon the midnight air,
 And maidens with them rose from midnight slumbers,
 And windows rose with muffled creak, and
 Bordered nightcaps rose to view, like moons

Through telescopic lens !

Boquets,

Despite autumnal frosts, with hue and fragrance
Rich, came bouncing down and quite repaid
The gleeful serenaders.

"Good bye" was sung,

And soon with steed attached we four with speed
Were coursing toward the Orient. Not so our comrades.
Their Bucephalus, indignant at his out door fare
Determined on revenge. He, rearing aloft
His horrid head, and shaking his shaggy mane,
On two feet stood persistent. Trappings were sundered
And with them,—to the unlucky pair,—went hopes
Of downy couch, or mattress. Down they sank
Upon their seats resigned, and like Paul's company,
"Wished for the day."

"Ad interim," we four had stopped

To serenade a beauty, dwelling near the road,
Expecting soon our friends' assistance. Ye,
Came they not. Anxiously we backward turned,
And found them in such plight, as did provoke
Our pity and uproarious mirth ; at length
With laughter unextinguished, we all in one carriage
Crowded, sought again the distant halls
Of Nassau : and ere the first faint fires of Phoebus
Kindled in the morning sky, ere villages
And hamlets had begun to think of waking,
We, with "watchful nostrils" were scornful College chimes
And chapel roll calls.

H.

ARE THE PLANETS INHABITED?

The question whether the Planets are inhabited has for a long time excited the attention, and deduced the arguments of astronomers and philosophers. It is our belief, that they are inhabited by an animal nature similar to that which peoples the Earth. And we think we shall have established this belief when we have proved that they are *inhabitable* ; for surely the Divine Author hath made nothing without its use, and could not have failed to populate places appropriate for living things. The prevalent

and most popular theory among men of information with regard to cosmical creation, is one termed the Nebulous Hypothesis. This ingenious theorem had, we believe, its origin and perfection with the Herschels, those great contributors to modern science. And if this hypothesis be not true, as some assert, it certainly bears on its face the aspect of verity, and seems only the more substantiated by the development of information, and the important discoveries daily made. The Nebular Theory is simply this: That the universe was originally a mass of diffuse conglomerate matter, perhaps of a similar elementary composition, and subject to the same physical laws. "The world was without form and void," or, as says Ovid: "One face of nature was upon the whole universe, which they called *Chaos*." Chaos, then, this formless space, was the original state of the material world. We know not where commenced the action which is still going on, and developing new systems throughout the boundless extent of space, nor have we any data by means of which to arrive at an idea of the period. With regard to the original state of matter, as we said, it is supposed to have consisted of but one universal element, and the different radicals that are now held to exist, to the number of fifty-six, are later changes and modifications of the original base. This base, this nebulous mass, was subject to a very high temperature, in fact was a sort of fiery liquid, perhaps of the consistency of water, perhaps less. Out of this to construct the various systems which now exist, demonstrates a change in the degree of heat. Whether a gradual cooling by some principle contained in itself, whether the regular, defined motion which had been imparted to the mass brought about this effect, or whether it was acted upon by some external cause has not been clearly proved. However, it is evident that the process of individualization did commence. It is supposed, from the natural structure indicated, that the planets on the outer rim of *our* system were formed at the period of the maximum of heat, and the more interior ones in the order of its decline. As a proof of this, the advocates of the hypothesis bring forward the diffuseness of the outer planets, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, exactly correspondent with a maturity under an excessive degree of heat.

The matter of these planets is of a very light substance. Saturn, for instance, the most interior of the three, is of about the consistency of cork. And we know well that it is a characteristic of heat to cause expansion, and hence those more distant planets being brought suddenly and directly under the individualizing agent were matured and perfected ere contraction had taken place to any great degree. And as a proof that this was the case, Mercury is as dense as lead. This is a significant fact in the establishment of our supposition that the planets are inhabitable. For we are aware that the denser a body is, the less heat it contains, and conversely. Hence, though Neptune be so far away from the centre of our system, he enjoys about an equal degree of heat with us, on account of the superior capacity his diffuseness affords him of retaining his original temperature; and likewise Mercury though much nearer the sun than our planet has from his greater density and consequent repulsion of heat a temperature similar to ours. And if these planets have an approach to the same degree of warmth why should they not be inhabited by an animal nature like that of Earth? For the same degree of heat is all that is required to establish a similar atmosphere, and the lack of atmosphere is the chief argument against their inhabitation. For on atmosphere depend not only living things but also the vegetable kingdom, and a sufficiency of light. Besides the strongly plausible suppositions there are many facts, apart from theory which militate greatly in favor of our hypothesis. Some of these planets are vastly larger than Earth, and for what purpose could such mighty bodies have been hung up in space, if not for the reception of living beings? Surely they cannot but contain some species of inhabitant and the progression of Animal Nature from the bivalve to Man is the perfection of the Material world. God made man "after his own image" and nothing of matter can be more perfect. If these planets were made for Spirits why should their construction be adapted to a Material Existence? Surely had God made these for immaterial Beings, they would have been immaterial also. Besides their size, a forcible argument may be derived from the fact of their having satellites such as our Moon, and which have a similar rev-

olution around their principal. Why should additional light be bestowed on what is not inhabited? We can derive also another argument from the theory with which we introduced our subject, viz: the supposition of the similarity of the elements of the original Chaos. Of course these elements may have been greatly modified as is the case with our Earth, but if the original substance of the planets were the same, then it is reasonable to suppose that the secondary formations are of a similar nature. Now it is an axiom that similar causes produce like effects, and thus we see that if there is any sameness in the composition and elements of planets, then they should in accordance with the laws of Nature be inhabited by beings of like attributes. And besides these conclusions, the fact of the regularity prevailing throughout the whole system strengthens the supposition of their derivative similarity and affords us more ground for the application of the axiom given above. For the Earth is not at all distinguished by any peculiarities which do not seem to attach themselves to the others. In fact, compared with the rest, she seems insignificant, and it is reasonable to suppose that unless there has been a suspension of a counterpart of the rest of the system. And this admitted we need go no further in our proof; for with elementary similarity, equality of temperature, and atmosphere, like motion, satellites with apparently the same intentions,—we think we have supported our opinions of the possibility of the adaption of the planets to animal Nature, and this is what we need to make them inhabited, as we intimated before. For God hath made nothing without its use. S.

Editor's Table.

"There's reason in all things" they say, but after devoting extensive and profound study to the subject, we have been utterly at a loss to tell why such an appendage as an "Editor's Table" must always be stuck to the tail-end of every Magazine. It seems generally to be a kind of unshod hobby, on which old rusty puns, and would-be-cute sayings ride bare-back out into the world: a sort of mirror from which at sundry times is reflected the Editor's homely phiz, now hideously contorted, now blandly smiling, according as he is pleased or bored while collecting materials for his work. We would gladly dispense with this ever present article; yet we are entirely too modest to be the first to come to a *stand*, and thus raise our voice against such a time-honored, and tried institution. Some Editors are not contented with a "table," but numerous other articles of household furniture must be called in for the convenience of the "craft." In fact, you might say the "Sanctum" is fast becoming metamorphosed into a literary cabinet-ware shop, strung around with the various instruments necessary for the manufacture of the articles there produced. There he has his "bureau," his "easy-chair," his "rocking-chair," his "drawer;" and we should not be at all surprised soon to see at the head of some page "The Editor's Cradle," for which would be reserved all choice original productions. Were the name over such matter always indicative of its quality, we would frequently suggest some such mollient domestic indispensable as "mush" or "feather-bed." It will of course here be observed that we are in the habit of perusing most of the popular magazines of the day. If the nomenclature of such college effusions as the present were at our disposal, we would be tempted to exchange the present title for that of "the Editor's brick." There are many reasons justifying this change; first, because like a brick it is generally little *read*: secondly, because as compared with other pieces of the magazine it decidedly comes out *later*.

Well now, since the finger of Fate *has* been dabbling in the cauldron of college affairs, and since forth from its classic contents we *have been* dragged an unwilling participant of those glories and honors which ever, like the wreath of Apollo shall deck the brow of an editor of such a work as this—then, O ye muses, and ye who in ancient time, oft were wont to lend your kindly aid to those in need, furnish now, I pray you, with clay and water, bitumen and lime, and whatever else may enter into the composition of literary "Bricks," that we, your humble plodder strait may manufacture one. * * We think we feel it working in our editorial hat,—the huge

"incubus of care" which has been pressing hard our heart, now is floating off,—the bench on which we sit seems soft as "eider's down,"—the cracked chinked walls, and the time-polished planks of our "sanctum" seem now to wear an air of cheerfulness they seldom are wont;—we punch the fire, move closer to it and turning up our "brick" on which to write, feel "ourself, ourself again."

An Editor! We well remember with what mingled emotions of awe and admiration, we, an unfledged Soph were wont to gaze up at those, who like the "mighty Thunderer" of old, sat wrapt in clouds and mist of their own manufacture, whose mystic magnificence we could never understand, and who while breathing the thin air of a loftier sphere, benignly dispensed to less favored mortals the benefits their immense circulation could not fail to produce. How distinctly do we now remember the visions we then had of an elegant Sanctum sacred to intrusion, pile on pile of documents, some received, many rejected; heaps of exchanges lying in glorious confusion around our well cushioned chair; polite notes from the most celebrated editors of this and [other lands, complaining of the irregular reception of our numbers; some talented youth of a sister college suing celebrity through our columns; and perhaps some love-lorn damsel confidentially entrusting to us her pitiful lament, and by our side seeking counsel to suit her mournful state, and at last praying us *for her sake* to publish the affecting ditty proffered, addressed to so-and-so of the Sophomore class. We have in vision, seen politicians with heads hoar with age humbly doff their hats to one of our "trade"; we have seen sweets tempting as houris, and dazzling honors hanging around our path, waiting but the will to make them ours; we have read flattering encomiums on our deeds, and seen inscribed upon our tomb "He was an Editor." But now alas! the tawdry veil is drawn—the reality stares us in the face,—and oh! Ye shades of Editors defunct—doff your grave demeanor—a band of truthful witnesses came forth;—recall to your minds the many sleepless nights—the wearied limbs—the excruciating aches of the head, heart, sides, and toes—the misgivings, the disappointments, the begging, the threatening, the dunning, the being dunned, the empty purse, pile and pocket, the writing, the re-writing, the receiving, the rejecting, the publisher, the printer, the devil,—think of these things we say, and tell us, ye who know—is it not a bore? Have your manes yet received their wonted rest? But these bores they will inflict: You bore them once, and so must we, even though they extend to "that *bourne* from which no Editor returns." An Editor should be one of iron nerve and will unbending. He should have a frame Herculean, and dignate carriage; should be of grave demeanor, and courtesy unfailing; a medium between the lofty bearing, and curt hauteur of a Junior half-advanced, and the clownish, snobbish air of a lately entered Fresh, or as we might more becomingly express for those who are not acquent with these, midway between the tragic and buffoon. He should have the brains of Behemoth, whose cere-

brum and cerebellum, with pia and dura mater subjected to the modern mental lemon-squeezer should emit matter to suit the million when all have different opinions; and have the tortive powers of the "sea-serpent" to compel "both ends to meet." As a politician he must espouse all principles, but show a predilection for none. He must credit all creeds, believe all humbugs, discountenance all vices, sermonize on all the cardinal virtues. He must love all the ladies, (bless their souls,) but vow his choice for none. He must resign his righteous claims upon some youthful beauty to one who is not so unfortunate as to be an Editor, and be content to flirt with an old maid. He must on all occasions be prepared either to address a prayer-meeting, or make a speech in favor of women's rights. When collecting pieces to fill his pages, he must be empowered with mental ubiquity. He may cry "piece, piece, when there is no piece." He may beg and sue in vain, in vain his blood may boil. He is wrapt in *toils*, and when the work of two small *pages* would deliver him, there is none to assist. We were most inhumanly thrust between the horns of just such a dilemma. Two pages were wanted to complete our number, and we set out in their quest. We first asked a well tutored Freshman, but he swore by his beard (!) and all things else that were good, that he was *unable* to compose. We then asked a flaunting flashy Junior, but he wished to be coaxed and have his talents praised, and we were in no mood to do either. We then thought we would try a Soph. "Oh yes; yes *sir*, I have an article, just the thing, part of my last speech at boarding-school." We rubbed our hands with joy; and in excess of gratulation purchase, pay for, and smoke a "London Regalia" at the "Bazaar," seasoned in such a way as only Burke knows how. The piece arrived that night. Poetry was his theme and in blank verse was it written—Listen, ye disciples of Erato and while we extract a part, hide your humble heads.

* * * * * It is harmony extreme:

It is the dulcet contralto of sweetly sleeping angels:—

The mellifluous effluvia of the revolving spheres:—

The royal terpsichord of Love:—the paternal of Purity,

And the lineal descendant of Charity. * * *

* * * It lows sweetly in the perambulating zephyr,

And chants lullabies in the roaring symphonies of Boreas.

The seas in silence echo its reverberations;

And waves as they pile on top each other without cessation

In chromatic scales express its dulcimest dictations."

Oh! thou spirit of Harpocrates, preside over the destinies of the youth, and preserve him. We would like to inquire of some one who ought to know, whether these waves mentioned could have been other than jaw-breakers? On consideration however, we waive the question. We never knew before that *serfs* contained so much poetry; and henceforth shall seek for it in every nocturnal "*white-cap*" we see, at least we shall if we have a *notion*

for the attempt. But to return to our piece: we could not conscientiously publish the Soph's. And what remained? Ask a Senior? Why, bless your dear heart, what does a Senior care for an Editor? All he wants is eight magazines, no matter where they come from, or what they contain. He has other and more important matters to attend to besides scribbling for "The Monthly." His love-letters (?) must be written, the barber must be patronized, and the ladies called upon. He makes an *extension* of his acquaintance in town, and brags loudly on his attention to the *partes extra partes*, as our old friend John Locke hath been pleased to call them. He is now a specious independent, and lives vastly for effect, though his effects generally are few. He has nice notions of honor, and when challenged, knows too little of Greek to *decline a dual*. The majority of his *receipts* he procures by *retail* from the important personage by whom his *habits* are formed, in other words, his tailor; and when society itself *panting* with rage, raises the hue and cry against such *open breaches* and *infringements* upon the community, he seeks to *palliate* his *close investments* by demanding *redress*; curses the eye of his mistress, which now has no *ray-meant* for him, and resolves if possible to enter into another *suit*. His *fare* is homely, his *board* is hard, his *spirits* low. He thinks it scarcely *meet* that one *bred* up as he was, should be subjected to corn-meal cakes, and from the depths of his stomach he loathes South Carolina's and his landlady's motto, "*Semper parati*." Affairs are desperate; his *tick* is gone, and he has nothing *comfortable* left. There is *change* in his appearance, but none in his pocket-book; there's not even a *crown* in his hat, and scarcely any *sense* in his head. All other credit fails, and as a final resort he applies to his *lasting* friend, a whole *souled* cobbler, and seeks to have *healed* those injuries which are but *counterparts* of what he had before received; nor does he apply in vain, and his *sole* comfort lies in the reply of the sympathizing tradesman, that though his *all* be staked, he would protect him in *de-feat*, and warrant it no *bootless* attempt, even though he should drive his *phaeton* in London's *Hyde* enclosure.

Pardon this gross digression, most courteous reader: and now methinks we hear you inquire about the piece. Well, finding other means of no avail, we at last wrote one ourself; but being born under a most unlucky star during the dog-days, we lost it, and were inconsolable, until we heard an extensive extract from it on the college-stage; this cheered us up somewhat, and we felt *vastly* flattered when we incidentally found out that he thought he had been "fishing" from one of the Professors' sermons. Still the piece was wanted, and while we were one day cogitating o'er the matter, the *devil* burst into our sanctum, and informed us, mistake had been made, and that there was matter enough on hand to complete the number. Oh! how good we felt. We could have hugged his inkship, had not we put on a clean shirt that week; and when we went out to give vent to our feelings, we felt wondrously like clapping our thumb to our editorial nose at every one we

met. Nature seemed to sympathize with our joyous feelings, and don her gayest forms. There was sweetness in the expressive countenance of the mud-turtle, and music in the plaintive song of our neighbor's guinea-hen, as she chanted spasmodic responses to the dulcet *musings* of that cat across the way.

Reader—this world of ours, is a strange world,—think you not so? Yet perhaps the world is not so strange as the people in it. College is frequently spoken of as a miniature world, a sort of "pocket edition" of this immense mundacity. It must have taken a giant mind, with a microscopic eye, to have first discovered this analogy. Abroad men live to fill their purses,—here, ostensibly at least, to fill their heads. Abroad, they are misers of money,—here, misers of mind. On the one hand they live for self, while on the other we live for a more enlightened posterity. True genius is rare, and scattered o'er the earth at most magnificent distances.—College is genius concentrated,—its legitimate fountain head; it is as common as air, and for this reason far less appreciated. Where, and when in College do we have these upheavings, those overturnings which characterize our outer world? Who ever heard of a college abolitionist in favor of abolishing servants, a barn-burner or woolley-head? Who ever heard of there being presented to the college cabinet a bill for "internal improvements," or for less "duty" on books? In the world, such is the depravity, they are compelled to institute police and vigilance committees,—how very different is it here? When a man is arraigned before the world's tribunal of justice, both sides are listened to, defence allowed, and an appealing power always ready to grant him all his dues;—perhaps in this *one* case there *may* some analogy exist. Yet when we leave these scenes around which time and genius have twined their classic wreath, how soon, and how naturally will we amalgamate as it were, with the world about us. College is but the vestibule of a mighty temple; the steps leading up are hard and jagged; the entrance door is large and massive; what a sight will burst upon our view when we cross its portal—what a labyrinth of paths shall we see—all leading to that small dark door, scarcely seen through the distance, from which there verge two mystic ways, leading where—oh where? The niches that we must fill, are empty now, and little do we know whether they are lined with softness, or whether sharp and jutting points shall mark their sides. Yet we *do* know, that there they are, and that we must fill them—and would it not be well for us *now* so to temper our minds, and shape our bodies that we may fit our destined place? Is it not well to "think on these things"? * * * Halloo there! who upset our candle? Ah—beg pardon, we did not observe it had fallen in its socket. Asleep! who said we had been asleep? Oh no sir—only in a reverie, that's all. By the way—why is the end of that smoking wick like this kind of lingo?—Give 'em up?—Because it's *enough*!! Pretty good guess. Speaking of guessing, reminds us that we have in that beaver yonder a poem just to the point,

furnished us by some kind friend, who observing our downcast countenance of late, hath come to our rescue. It runneth as follows:

I GUESS.

When nothing else will stir the troops,
Nor move the languid messes:
Beneath the pot let slander burn,
And cook some lying guesses.

Ancient Barrack song.

This world is growing old, they say,
And with it growing wise,
For fast as moments on the wing,
Some new opinions rise.
A man can scarcely turn around,
Or view his neighbor's eye,
But that some other turns aside
To guess the reason why.

The village gossips, young and old,
Smooth down their starched up dresses,
Then woe's the man whom rumors hold
A mark for their sharp guesses.
There's nothing new beneath the sun
Escapes their searching quest;
There's nothing done, or left undone,
But that the reason's guess'd.

"Who is that man," some maiden cries,
"With noble mien and carriage?
I guess he's staying in these parts,
To seek my hand in marriage."

"I guess he's poor," some smart one says;
"I, too," chimes in another;
"I guess his father's hair was red,
Or has a homely brother!"

That fellow often 'calls' below,
And takes her out to ride;
I guess he thinks I'm out of town:
I'll make him stand aside.

How mean he looks—so coarse and rough:
I'll do the thing in style—
I can 'get' her where'er I choose;
But guess I'll wait awhile.

I guess my neighbor's purse is out;
I knew it at a glance;
I guess he'd steal to fill it up,
If furnished with a chance.

I guess A lives beyond his means,
And B's too dull to think;
C will even play and cheat,
And D will swear and drink.

I wonder what they're talking of
So much in secrecy;

Nothing good I'll warrant you:

I *guess* it's all a lie.

That man is strong in politics,
And can't be bought or sold:

I *guess* you'll find his principles
Will yield to tempting gold.

You see that deacon in the church,
With looks devout and just;

I *guess* he only acts this way
Because he thinks he must.

The Parson too, with doleful face,—
How long he'll preach and pray;

I *guess* he only keeps it up
To get his paltry pay.

If time were at my own command,
I'd *guess* as heretofore,

I'd *guess* my neighbor's business
'Till time should be no more.

In heaven above I'll be a *guest*,
If heaven bestow the blessing;

And when I die and go to rest,
I *guess* I'll die, *a-guessing*.

As soon as we had moved in our Sanctum, we went to work, and fairly revelled among the old rusty *files* and packages, on which seemingly had accumulated the dust of ages. Among the *heaps* of matter, we found many interesting curiosities, which must have been overlooked by our former worthy Editor. We will present to the reader a few, and invite him to "call 'round" and examine for himself; one package labelled—a *few hairs extracted from the "tale of a tub"*; another—the *toe nails of an "Indian legend"*; a bottle marked—*scent, of 10 mills for coffee*; memoirs of the Irishman who spun a *mountain-top*, and who waving o'er his head a *branch of a river*, ascended a volcano to fodder its *craters*. A receipt given to a *board man* when he *planked up* his dues. A patent *air-loom*, now *warped* a little by the wind. *Traces* of the imagination, broken in an attempt to *draw* a picture of happiness. We have on hand numerous other curiosities of this kind; but neither time or space to admit of their mention.

We feel that an apology is due to our patrons for our tardy appearance. We merely say, it was impossible to procure *covers* sooner, else the Magazine would have been issued before.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—We thank you for *nothing*; and hope you may be most effectually bored by the extra *leaf* you compel us to add to our "table."

EDITOR.

EXCHANGES.—We have welcomed to our sanctum, the "Yale Lit." "Georgia University Magazine," "Stylus," and the "Amherst Collegiate Magazine," the first number of a very neat and ably conducted periodical. The "Southern Rights Advocate" arrives regularly. Exchanges will please acknowledge the receipt of our numbers.

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